

# ELECTION DAY IS OVER.

But BARGAIN DAY at the Original Eagle is every day, and you'll reap a rich reward if you call at our popular store any day this week. We have a large stock, and more coming, and we propose to make things lively during the month of November. Many houses advertise bargains, but do they compare in any particular with the inducements the Original Eagle offers its patrons?

## MENS' SUITS.

Regular \$10 and \$12 Suits, \$8.00 Indigo Dye and Beaver Suits, worth \$15, for.....\$12.  
All-Wool Cheviot Suits, worth \$15, for.....10.  
Choice of 1,000 Finest Suits you ever saw, worth \$18 and \$20, our price.....12.  
Unparalleled attractions in finest Tailor-made Suits in this city, sold elsewhere at \$20, we now offer at.....15.

## BOYS' SUITS.

Durable Cheviot Suits, worth \$3, for.....\$2.  
Better grades, 4 to 13 years, for.....2.50  
All-Wool Corkscrews, in Blue and Black, sold everywhere at \$5, now sold by us at.....4.  
1,000 Fine Suits for Boys up to 13 years, worth \$7 and \$8, we now sell at.....5.  
Boys' Long Pants Suits, up to 18 years, at \$5, \$6, \$7, \$8 to.....15.

## MENS' OVERCOATS.

Good Chinchilla Overcoats, called bargains by others at \$5 and \$6, we ask.....\$4.  
Good Quality Overcoats, generally sold at \$7 and \$8, for.....5.  
Fine All-Wool Beaver, Cassimere, Cheviot and Chinchilla Overcoats, worth \$15, for only.....10.  
Indigo-Dye Blue All-Wool Chinchilla Overcoats, Meltons, and Fine Kersey Overcoats, worth \$20, for.....15.

Tailor-made Overcoats in Meltons, Kerseys, Schnabel & Wormbo Chinchillas, worth \$25 to \$30, we offer at only \$18 and.....20.

## A SPECIAL BARGAIN.

We offer Special Bargains. An all-wool Overcoat, well worth \$10, for.....\$6.50  
Two lines Corded Cassimere Overcoats, in Blue and Black, worth \$12, cut down to.....8.

## FURNISHING GOODS.

Our Furnishing Goods business is increasing every day, and the prices we quote is the magnet that is drawing trade our way. We are selling Furnishing Goods cheaper than any other house in Indianapolis. Buying all our goods direct from manufacturers, we are enabled to sell this class of merchandise at prices corresponding with those paid by a great number of our competitors. We handle only the best grades from the most responsible manufacturers, and always sell this class of goods at the lowest possible prices.

Our offering this week is a lot of two hundred and fifty (250) German Gloria Silk Umbrellas, in an endless variety of Gold and Silver Handles. Every Umbrella guaranteed perfect. The Umbrellas are worth \$2.50, \$2.75, \$3, up to \$3.75. Our price on this entire lot, \$1.75.

MAIL ORDERS SOLICITED AND ATTENDED TO PROMPTLY.

# Original Eagle

5 & 7 West Washington St.

# CALLED BACK!

TO SEE THE BARGAINS IN  
FURNITURE  
CARPETS  
&  
STOVES.



# W. H. MESSENGER

101 East Washington Street.

## PAYMENTS OR CASH.

OPEN MONDAYS and SATURDAYS until 9 P. M.

**Nicoll**  
TAILOR

## CUSTOM TAILORING ONLY!

We avoid the two outrageous extremes, Deceptive Cheapness and Fancy High Prices. Our principle is to furnish first-class Reliably-made Garments, at Strictly Moderate Prices.

PANTS to Order, \$5 to \$12. SUITS to Order, \$20 to \$50. OVERCOATS to Order, \$18 to \$50.

NICOLL, THE TAILOR, 33 & 35 S. III. St.

## CLARABELLE'S SUNDAY TALK

A Diminutive Vanderbilt Who Will Be a Famous Belle Ten Years Hence.

Mrs. James G. Blaine, Jr., and Mrs. George Gould—Mary Anderson and the Prince of Wales—The Future of the Cleverlands.

Special to the Indianapolis Journal.

NEW YORK, Nov. 10.—Ten years hence a famous belle this city will be Miss Consuelo Vanderbilt. All the conditions are favorable. Miss Vanderbilt will then be just making her formal debut in society. The thought of her father, William K. Vanderbilt, may easily have grown to \$150,000,000. Her mother will have passed over from the ranks of a young widow into matronhood, and therefore be willing to put her daughter forward into her own former place as a belle. Already the seven-year-old Miss Consuelo has begun her career of gentleness, yet shrewd, publicity. There has been a horse show in the Madison square Garden this week, and it has been so extremely fashionable as to quite hold its own against such a popular, plebeian counter-attraction as a presidential election. The wealthy brace of swelldom proudly drove their tandem teams around the ring competitively, belles exhibited their saddle horses, pretensions families sent their coach hangers, and it is difficult to imagine what would have happened to a common truck horse if he had ventured into such equine company. But in all this extra fine assemblage of owners and horses, the greatest conspicuousness was obtained by little Miss Consuelo Vanderbilt and her tiny pony, Dimples. The child, a pretty creature, was in and out of the box hired by her father. She was beautifully dressed, and it was clear that she was a family pet. The pony was a fat, handsome little beast, to which the first prize in its class was awarded. He was gorgeously caparisoned, and the addition of the prize decoration rendered only as a bit more glory for a mighty lucky brute. The advent of Consuelo Vanderbilt into social liveliness of a semi-public nature, thus begins, beyond doubt, a career of unparelleled brilliancy. What a prize for matrimony!

There was a wedding this week at the residence of Cornelius, the other Vanderbilt, whose wife was a sister of the bride. Therein we had proof of the retiring disposition of some of the Vanderbilts. Edgar Shephard is a quiet, good-looking gentleman of high fortune. Among his relatives are Verplancks, Vandeyses, and other Vans of approved Dutch extraction. He inherited just enough property to yield a polite living as a bachelor without work. He grew up a good example of the well-behaved idler. While he seemed to go into any active industry, he also kept out of vicious time-killing. Two years ago he spent a summer at Newport. It will not do to say that he went there to hunt heiresses, because nothing in his conduct as a social being, the writer, indicated such a purpose. Nevertheless, it does seem as though one road to wealth not yet overcrowded runs through a fashionable watering place pretty directly to affluent wedlock, and any good-looking, affable and reasonably polished fellow can set out on the journey with fair chances of success. At Newport Shephard made the acquaintance of Miss Cattie Moore Gwynne, youngest sister of Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt. At the same time and place, William Fearing Gill became acquainted with another heiress, the daughter of the late John F. Gill. Both gentlemen became wooers. Now, mark how the quiet methods of Shephard won where the turbulent processes of Gill have failed. The surreptitious marriage of Gill was a public comedy, and the marriage of the Misses Gwynne made a mild scandal last spring. He declared that a private ceremony, without priest or other formal presence, had suited them. They ran their thoroughness, but was not quite certain, and her strenuous relatives, taking advantage of the doubt, decided for her that she was still single. She at length acquiesced in that view of the matter, and has remained separate from Gill, who has been brought to a consent to abandon his pretensions as a husband. Shephard and the other Miss Gwynne had appointed a wedding day, and it would have fallen only a few weeks after the disclosure of the Gill matter. Anxious to avoid unpleasant connection with the public, he postponed their marriage until this fall. They sailed to-day for Europe, and will spend a honeymoon winter in Italy. The couple will receive, it is understood, the income of a million dollars set aside for that purpose by Cornelius Vanderbilt. The principal will not be given to them, and the product of it will be limited to the interest and dividends which it earns from conservative security investment; but they will manage to get along in a manner which, although not comparable to that of the Vanderbilts, will not afford an unpleasant contrast between rich folks and their poor relations.

I suppose it is safe, now that the election is over, to mention the wife of James G. Blaine, Jr., without meaning anything politically. She is this week a mother, and the new thing to tell interestingly about her is that young Mrs. George Gould, a recent second wife, is in her own family, has been sympathetically calling on her. Both these young ladies were actresses before they married distinguished men's sons, and neither has reached a success in dramatic honors. It seems that they made a casual acquaintance in the days when Mrs. Gould was an actress of small parts in the Daily company and Mrs. Blaine was a pupil at the Lyceum Theater. The latter had been taken up by Modjeska, and was under engagement for a traveling season with that veteran and exacting actress, when a summer at Long Branch whetted the question of her future. She played lawn tennis with young Blaine, fell in love with him, and gave up her stage aspirations to become his wife. It is not altogether likely, unless she and her husband become reconciled, that she will go to acting. The understanding is that the young couple are not now disposed to renege. They seem to have made up their minds that their union was incompatible. Several managers, alert to the commercially valuable introduction which Mrs. Blaine has had to the public, and mind of the fact that so many of the public are now coming to the Lyceum Theater, judge as Modjeska was willing to intrust roles of some importance to her, have already offered fair inducements, and the outlook is that, soon after the holidays, she will be put forward dramatically.

It is suspected that Mrs. George Gould is almost envious of Mrs. James G. Blaine, Jr., in view of the latter's probable return to the stage. Although her wedlock is happy, for George Gould is a good-natured, indigent and loving husband, the Edith Kingdom of the theaters was not stirred of the funeral of the late Mrs. Gould. She retired into the real gold of millionaireism. She probably wouldn't return to professional life if she could, and she couldn't go into amateur theatricals if she would, for that question has just been settled, for the ensuing winter at least. The Goulds are attendants at Dr. Paxton's Presbyterian Church, in West Forty-second street, and while Jay shows no sign of becoming an active Christian, the ladies have taken some share in the congregation's charities. An amateur dramatic entertainment is in preparation for the benefit of the Paxton people. They went to Mrs. Gould, proposing to make her the star actress of the occasion, and counting upon turning her attractiveness into many benevolent dollars. She responded with an impulsive acceptance, qualified by the proviso that her husband's consent must be obtained. She took a week in that to make him say yes, but at the end of that time was compelled to report his positive no.

The actress who was first among American beauties to decline an introduction to the Prince of Wales is back with us again. Mary Anderson is in town. To be an actress once is to remain an actress until death—in self-consciousness if not in actual employment. Endeavor for dramatic effect becomes instinctive. You may see an illustration whenever you chance to observe an actress enter a room full of people. She will invariably halt an instant outside the doorway, pull herself together, so to speak, and then enter dashing, shyly, or in any other fashion that she may have made up her mind to, but never without some sort of impressive pose. The party who met Miss Anderson on the wharf, and saw her disembark from the steamer, witnessed as carefully an artistic performance as any which the actress achieves on the stage. I can hardly restrain myself, her hair and face were rather brightly colored, and her manner indicated joyous vivacity. She got ahead of everybody else on the gang plank, ran nimbly down, and embraced her mother and sisters. A lot of reporters were present.

"Oh, I am so impatient," she cried, "to place my foot once more on the dear soil of America. I can hardly restrain myself. Such abundant love of her native land! It was all humbug, of course, but it was so well done as to be admirable. It seemed more interesting, however, to get from Miss Anderson an account of her experience with the Prince of Wales in view of the recent enlightenment of the subject of princely acquaintanceship with American beauties. It was until yesterday that she could be quietly asked about it. Then she said: "Oh, that was a good while ago—when I first appeared in London. There was hardly anything of it, anyhow, and I am only willing to give the particulars in order that they may take the place of possible exaggerations. The Prince was at the theater where I played, one evening, and it was intimated to me that I might be presented to him in the royal box. There wouldn't have been any impropriety in it at all if I had gone to him. It had been a custom of actors and actresses of the best reputation to thus accept royal favor, and be glad enough to get it. Nor was there any ground for the slightest suspicion that the Prince thought of anything else than polite commendation. But I was a Yankee girl, and without having previously decided upon any course to pursue, I at once replied that I was too busy to accept the honor. Nothing more was said or done about it. Whether she was displeased or not I have never known. Since then I have met him and the Princess of Wales at several receptions. Not that I have any special acquaintance with the Queen does not admit of address. I don't want the impression to get abroad that I am a silly brute, but I don't mind if Americans know that I wouldn't say a box-seat to prince any quicker than to any other gentleman."

Mrs. Grover Cleveland will come to New York to live after next March. This is the talk in social circles in which Mrs. William C. Whitney fashionably moves. Already the wife of the President has been to some extent introduced into that "exclusive" set, for she has visited at the town residence of the Secretary of the Navy many more times than have been noted in print. It has been a custom of Mrs. Whitney and Mrs. Cleveland, ever since the present administration began in Washington, to slip over to New York quietly, spend a few days at the Whitney mansion, do their shopping, and make and receive calls informally. In that way Mrs. Cleveland has come into acquaintance with the Astors, the Vanderbilts and other Fifth-avenue families, with whom the wealthy and modish Mrs. Whitney is intimate. The Whitneys decided, some little time ago, to quit Washington for the autumn of the Mr. Cleveland's present term. They had satisfied their desire for social novelty, and were ready to return to New York activity. Their house here is notably fine in itself and in its furniture, and some of the most resplendent entertainments known to the metropolis have been given there. Mrs. Whitney announced her intention that when her husband went into the Cabinet, that she would have distinguished New Yorkers as frequent guests in Washington. In respect to that she has been disappointed. The couple of friends have not been so numerous as the capital any more than formerly. Their pretensions are too great to permit them to mix in better-seller Washington society, even the circle of their favorite Mrs. Whitney. Thus, while she has done her duty as a Cabinet hostess handsomely, she has unquestionably missed her social life, and friends will be glad to get back among them. To an acquaintance, and in a confidence which it would have been treason to violate before election, Mrs. Whitney said that the Cleverlands would undoubtedly remove to New York in case the President should not be re-elected. She declared that both were very fond of New York life. Her remarks were drawn out by somebody's impolite question whether there was anything in the story of matrimonial disagreement.

"Not a shadow of truth," Mrs. Whitney emphatically replied. "Mr. Cleveland remains a bachelor in many of his manners, diversions and characteristics, just as any man would who had lived as long as he did before marriage. But he is completely devoted to his wife, quite domestic in his tastes, and a model husband. Just as he is a bachelor yet, so Mrs. Cleveland is a girl, with a girl's method of amusement, acquaintance and employment. What I mean is that they are somewhat independent individuals, without being in the remotest degree ill-assorted or inharmonious. They are as congenial and happy a couple as I know."

Grover Cleveland is worth about a quarter of a million. That is the estimate of a well advised personal friend. He had something like \$100,000 when he became President. He had practiced law profitably for many years, had held the lucrative office of sheriff in Buffalo, had been a successful real estate agent, and had had invested his savings cumulatively. During his four years at Washington these investments will have increased to about \$150,000. He now owns a fine residence in Buffalo worth \$50,000 a year, and so will have a good quarter of a million on the 4th day of next March. One who professes to know it all predicts that Cleveland's income will be a law firm in this city, but others, who know the President very well indeed, believe that he will not return to the practice of law, or to any other active pursuit. He will devote his time to the study of the law, and will be able to derive by careful investments a living income from his capital.

FOREIGN NOTES OF INTEREST.

The birth rate in France is rapidly decreasing. London is believed to be built over a coal-bed. The Japanese army is now 150,000 strong. It will be 600,000 before long.

Mr. Gladstone is collecting and classifying his correspondence of fifty years, and 60,000 letters will be preserved.

At a steeplechase, on Oct. 20, a horse on whom tracheotomy had been performed a fortnight before, won a race of over two miles.

The Victory, Nelson's old flagship at the battle of Trafalgar, has been made water-tight at a cost of \$10,000, and will now last another century.

The exports of diamonds from South Africa for 1887 were 3,358,590 carats, worth \$4,240,000. The value of the diamonds for the year 1888 was \$12,000,000 carats, worth \$25,500,000 for the previous year.

The shoemakers of St. Petersburg, alarmed at the "redism" of the country, have started an abstinence society. It numbers over 1,000 members; and is increasing at the rate of 150 a week.

Marriage must be a failure among the Russian peasantry. Upon a convict ship carrying women only to Sakhalin, 75 per cent of the prisoners had been convicted of killing their husbands.

After the labors and expenditures of eighteen years the French War Minister announces that to put the frontier in a proper state of defense against Germany will require 1,000,000,000 francs more. All the forts that have been built are useless against the new explosives.

The smallest steam engine ever made has just been completed. After two years of labor, for the Paris exhibition, it is composed of 180 pieces of metal, is a shade under three-fifths of an inch in height and weighs less than one-third of an ounce. A watchmaker made it.

The highest-priced singer at the French grand opera is the baritone Lassalle. He gets \$17,600 for an engagement of eight months. The contralto, Mme. Richard, comes next with \$10,000. Escalante, tenor; Ed. de Reszke, bass, and Mme. Escalante, soprano, follow in order. Mme. Mauri, the danseuse, gets \$8,000.

Education has been carried to such an extent in Germany that the government has felt itself forced to step in and compel a lightning of the weight of school books carried by the children. German children carry their books in a knapsack. The police are now ordered to stop children weighted too heavily, get their address and bring their fathers to court to be fined for overloading.

For the English hunting season, which has just begun, 345 packs of various kinds are advertised to take part. Fifteen packs of stag hounds are in England and Ireland. Of fox hounds, there are 155 in England, 7 in Scotland and 15 in Ireland; of harriers there are 95 packs in England, 5 in Scotland and 23 in Ireland, and of beagles there are 19 in England, Wales and Ireland combined.

How It Feels to Be Left Out.

Woman's Journal.

Before the next number of the Woman's Journal is issued the political destinies of the Nation for another four years will have been decided, and no woman will have had any voice or vote in the matter. It is an unparelled shame. The number of women is increasing every year who feel the wrong and the indignity of being thus shut out from all share in deciding a question that affects them as vitally as it does their fathers and brothers. But happily the number of men who see the injustice of such a state of things, and who will help to remedy it, is increasing also.

Organization and Work.

Boston Transcript.

Mrs. Ormiston Chant, comparing the charitable organizations of England and America, says that the latter organize better, but that the former work better, and alas! the tombstones of scores and hundreds of dead societies and constitutions, excellent by laws and the merest atom of a history exist to prove her truthfulness.

For the cure of colds, coughs and lung difficulties Ayer's Cherry Pectoral is unequalled.

## THE CABINET IN SESSION.

A Solemn Conclave—Cleveland's \$10,000—Bric's Only Dispatch.

Washington Special to New York Tribune.

A meeting of the Cabinet was held to-day. Although nothing was done, a full and accurate report of the proceedings may be of interest at this time. As soon as the doors were closed the vetoed President squeezed himself into the chair at the head of the table and gazed at Bayard and Garfield, who were the only early comers.

"What's this I hear about a Republican Legislature in Delaware?" asked Mr. Cleveland, addressing himself to the Secretary of State.

"Well, Mr. President, as you yourself said, after elevating your plane of thought to a majestic attitude in last year's bleak December, in Delaware Democrats have discovered that it is a condition, and not a theory, which confronts us."

"Well, that's just what the matter with me," ejaculated Mr. Cleveland, in an impulsive tone, turning to the Attorney-General, he asked:

"Garfield, what do you propose to do after March 4?"

"Why, I think I shall return to Hominy Hill and resume my practice in the Arkansas courts."

"Will you make patent law one of your specialties?" inquired Bayard in a shy tone.

"No," retorted Garfield, "I think I shall devote myself mainly to questions of international law and diplomacy. The Democratic party evidently needs at least one man who knows a little about that subject."

"The discussion bade fair to become as hot as it was personal, when Secretary of State and Whitney entered the room. The latter was once laid before the President a telegraphic message, which read as follows:

Hon. W. C. Whitney, Washington.

The jig is up. Tell the President.

CALVIN BRICE.

"Well, that's the first time Brice has spoken the truth since the campaign began," exclaimed Fairchild and Lamont in the same breath.

"Yes," remarked the President, and he added in a tone of regret: "Brice is a man of vivid imagination and eloquence. I should be \$10,000 better off to-day if I had not listened to him. By the way, where are Dickinson and Vilas? They promised me the electoral votes of Michigan, Wisconsin, Minnesota, Iowa and a few other Western States."

"I believe they are both snowed under," replied Secretary Endicott, who had just entered.

"General Endicott predicted that Wednesday would be a cold day, and I suppose that Vilas and Dickinson were caught in the severe blizzard that swept from Minnesota through Wisconsin and Michigan late Tuesday night."

"Yes," said Endicott, who was reticent, then, said the President as he looked up at the wintry face of the Secretary of War.

"Yes, I have come down to arrange some family matters, in the hope of cementing more firmly than ever the friendly relations between your administration and the Salisbury government. The being done, I will sign the last annual report of the War Department and return to Salem, where the bones of my illustrious ancestors repose. Might I ask, Mr. President, if it is a plan to send the Benet circular, or so modified as to accept women and children from its operation?"

"Oh, I don't care what you do," growled Mr. Endicott's master. "Perhaps, however, you would better rescind the circular. If you don't, Harrison will be sure to do it and make party capital out of it. I wish to place a blank order over his head."

"It was as bad a mistake as that black blank flag order. I don't want to hear any more about it. And now," said the President, as he rose from his chair, "I want you people to go to work immediately on your annual reports, and send me, within ten days, such information as you can assist me in the preparation of my last annual message to Congress. You need not trouble yourself to submit any recommendations. I will attend to that matter myself. Good morning."

Mr. Cleveland's chief clerk being thus dismissed sadly, fled out of the room. Mr. Bayard wore an air of deeper dejection than any of his unfortunate companions. A map of Delaware on a fairly large scale might have been traced on his elongated countenance.

"Dan," said the President, a few minutes later.

"Sir?"

"Write a note to Garfield and tell him to come over again this afternoon. I want him to have Jenks prepare an opinion to see if I can maintain a suit to recover that \$10,000 I sent to Harburt and Brice. It was unlawful for them to receive it, and, besides, I can plead want of consideration. They promised me a job for four years longer at \$50,000 per year and perquisite. I have been swindled, Daniel, swindled."

SENATOR SHERMAN.

His Views as to the Policy of the Republican Party on Important Measures.

Manassas (D.) Special.

In a conversation this evening Senator Sherman made the following observations on the political situation of the country. The being done, I will sign the last annual report of the War Department and return to Salem, where the bones of my illustrious ancestors repose. Might I ask, Mr. President, if it is a plan to send the Benet circular, or so modified as to accept women and children from its operation?"

"What will the Republican party do concerning the admission of the Northwestern Territories?"

"If the Republican party has control of both houses and the presidency it will undoubtedly admit Dakota divided, Montana and Washington. This will give the party eight United States Senators and about seven members of Congress, or fifteen votes in the Electoral College."

"In the Southern States the Republicans have gained a number of Congressmen; to what do you attribute this?"

"To the tariff. I have no doubt but that if the question were presented in the South in a fair light we would carry half of the Southern delegation."

"What will the Republican party do to give the people a free election and a fair count in the South?"

"The Republican party will most certainly adopt measures to bring about fair elections in the South. What those measures will be I cannot say. The laws of Ohio would assure such a result. If the minority had a representative on the election board I think there would not be that opportunity for fraud. We may take the election of members of Congress into law and provide for their election, as Congress would have a perfect right to do under the Constitution. Members of Congress are apportioned according to the population, and not according to the number of votes cast. It is true that in Georgia ten members of Congress are elected by less votes than the one in the Fourteenth district of Ohio."

"What action will be taken on the tariff by Congress?"

"The Senate bill will probably be passed, although with many amendments."

"The press is already fixing up a Cabinet for the new President, and Blaine is set down for Secretary of State, Quay for Secretary of War and yourself for the Treasury portfolio!"

"That's all fudge. When Mr. Harrison is ready he will select his own Cabinet, and although speculation is rife as to its artistic effect, I will return to Washington next Wednesday."

A Ball of Fire at Sea.

New York Special.

Captain Henry, of the steamship St. Regulus, which arrived from Hamburg yesterday, had several interesting stories to relate when he got to his pier. During the entire voyage he encountered most disagreeable weather. Strong gales, at times blowing with hurricane force, tossed the steamer about, while immense seas swept her decks. Stormy weather was growing quite monotonous, when it was suddenly interrupted last Tuesday morning. The steamer was then about thirty miles southwest of Nantucket. She was traveling very slowly, creeping through banks of dense fog. The wind and sea were quite moderate and all hands were lullingly peering through the fog, when their watch was suddenly interrupted by a brilliant flash of lightning. A brilliant ball of fire came from the fog, passing over the ship from bow to stern. The officers on deck were too much dazzled at its sudden and fiery appearance to appreciate its artistic effect. They saw their foggy surroundings until it was too late. Their minds were filled with strange delusions, and some of them thought that their vessel was doomed. Captain Henry says that the ball of fire illuminated the whole vessel and the sea for a distance around. It disappeared in the sea about 200 yards beyond the steamer. Captain Henry says it was a meteor, which mariners frequently see at this season of the year.